Dear Aunt Mary,

Mother does not seem able to write, and my hand too trembles at what has become an unwonted task since dear Ones have gone; yet we are anxious to hear again from you concerning Edward. We hope you will give us the earliest-intelligence of him and pray that it may relieve us of all fears for his safety. Mother thinks he must have taken refuge with the doctor's relations, for stranger cases of disappearance have been on record, and it does seem as if there was ground for hope.

We are now of no feeling well. Father wills down beneath
The combined shocks of heat and deep sorrow, grew old together, the minds of many good but himself. Mary has returned with love and skill, she was well while gone, but she and I are both sick. Another in her anxiety for Father and Mary loses her great sorrow better than I feared she only, but I know to tell that, it will take years to earn after this heavy doubly strong! I felt at one time that all my living children, and Grand and Mary, I might yet hear up, but now that their steps are taken from me, and now that sad facets around me, it will be a rude task to regain the cheerfulness that might be surround little children.

I do not give up, but am determined to try hard for it, remembering in this desire to have one do so, and towards last message "Poor dear Joel, her grief must be almost insupportable, give him all my love and tell him to bow up for his children's sake."

My little is too sad to do you any good, dear Aunt Mary, but go on as well in trouble, perhaps it get known

up with you now feeling, Aunt Mary says give him love and tell you how anxious she is to hear from Edward. Uncle John has been very unwell, having had several days."

Goodbye. August.